

ART IN AMERICA *AND ELSEWHERE*
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A BOLOGNESE MINIATURE BY NICCOLO
DA BOLOGNA

BY WILLIAM MATHEWSON MILLIKEN

BOLOGNA is an exception to a general rule. Elsewhere, illuminated miniatures, the illustrations of the Middle Ages, were usually made as decorations for liturgical books, and were painted by monks in monasteries; but in Bologna the miniatures were used more often in books of Jurisprudence or in the statutes of various societies of the arts, and the majority were illuminated by laics. This is a case, and an interesting one, where the artist acts as the servant of an actual need and is called into being to fulfill that need. And this is a further proof that art cannot be fostered if it is not an economic necessity.

Bologna was one of the great centres of learning in the Middle Ages. Her university, particularly famed for its courses in law, drew students from all over Europe; and the necessity for textbooks created a demand for many copies of the codices required by professor or student. It was

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as a by-product of this and in response both to local calls and to orders from distant parts of Europe that the codex de luxe, with illuminated miniatures, came into being. Today many of these manuscripts of Bolognese provenance are preserved in European libraries or in the private collections of bibliophiles.

Bolognese miniatures have been well studied. The basic works upon which this article is grounded, and which are necessary for any further study, are given in the bibliography in the notes below.¹

A large number of illuminations, which date to the first half of the fourteenth century, are extant; but the period of greatest production and of the greatest artistic quality coincides with the life and work of one man, Niccolo da Bologna, in the second half of the same century.

The facts of Niccolo da Bologna's life are rather fully known. He was born, the son of Giacomo di Nascimbene della Capella of San Procolo, in Bologna sometime toward the end of the first twenty years of the fourteenth century. On April 13, 1369, he married Uliana di Paolo di Duzolo. He was made Podesta of Zappolino in 1383, and in 1386 was put in charge of the collection of certain taxes. In the *Libro dei Creditori del Ponte* of 1395 he is reported as owning eight pieces of land. He is named executor of the will of the painter Simone di Filippo di Benvenuto on the tenth of June, 1399. In the same year, on December first, he made his own will, leaving two houses in Bologna and nine pieces of land of an estimated value of 511 lire, then a goodly sum. This is the last notice the texts give of Niccolo; but it is certain that he had already died by the year 1402, so that his death must have followed closely upon the making of his will.

Artistically almost as much is known. Niccolo had the fortunate habit of signing a large proportion of his work, and from signed work definite attributions can be made. Also from actual dated miniatures,

¹ Carta, "Codici corali e libri a stampa miniata della Biblioteca Nazionale di Milano."

L. Testi, "La Storia della Pittura Veneziana." Vol. I, p. 521.

Neuwirth, "Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft." IX Band, 1886, pp. 383-409.

Adolfo Venturi, "Archivio Storico dell'Arte." Vol. II, 1889, p. 91.

Catologo Collezione Paar, A. Befani Roma, 1889.

F. Malaguzzi Valeri, "Atti e memorie della R. Deputazione di Storia patria per le Romagne." Serie III, Vol. XI, 1893, p. 125. "Codici miniati di Nicolo di Giacomo e della sua scuola."

F. Malaguzzi Valeri, "La Collezione nell'Archivio di Stato di Bologna" in "Archivio Storico dell'Arte." Vol. VII, Part I, 1894.

F. Malaguzzi Valeri, "Niccolo da Bologna — Archivio Storico Italiano." Serie V, Tomo XVIII, 1896, p. 242.

Lisetta Ciaccio, "L'Arte," 1907, p. 105. Appunti intorno alla miniatura Bolognese del secolo XIV. Mariano Carlo Frati, Bolletino Bibliografico, Firenze, Olski, 1914."

dated books, and exterior evidence, a partial chronology can be arranged. Neuwirth points out that the *Liber sextus decretalium cum apparatu Joannis Andree*, in the Library of St. Florian, although unsigned, must be by him. It must be earlier than 1342, for it was made for a certain nobleman who died in that year. The first book, however, actually signed and dated is 1351. In the Vatican library is one of two years later with a large miniature signed "Ego Nicholaus de Bononia feci anno Domini milleximo trecentesimo LIII tercio mensis iunii."

There are also many books later in date signed Nicolaus F., such as the *Libro dei Creditori del Monte* of 1394 and the *Libro dei Creditori del Monte* of 1395 both preserved in the Archivio di Stato at Bologna. Related to these in style and date are a group of Antiphonaries marked B,C,D,E,F,G, and H in the Museo Civico there.

A remarkably fine miniature was recently given to The Cleveland Museum of Art by its former President, the late J.H.Wade. The subject is the Crucifixion, with the figures of the Virgin, the Magdalen, and St. John on a ground of gilded arabesques. At the bottom is the signature of Nicholaus F. The leaf probably came from the collection of the Austrian ambassador to Italy, Count Paar, who disposed of it in Rome in 1889. It compares exactly with the miniature in that collection described and commented on by Adolfo Venturi.² Whether its provenance actually can be decided or not, it is certain that this acquisition of the Cleveland Museum should be ranked among the finest productions of Niccolo da Bologna's brush. He was an uneven artist, and as L. Testi says often, "nodded like Homer"; but this time assuredly he did not nod. There are in it qualities of style, force, and directness which rank it with the master works mentioned above, done in the last decade of the fourteenth century and preserved in the Archivio di Stato or the Museo Civico of Bologna.

The Cleveland page is signed Nicholaus F. It is an interesting fact, which has seemingly passed unnoticed, that the overwhelming majority of the signed examples of his later work bear this signature. The earlier ones add "de Bononia" (from Bologna). It is as if upon achieving fame, he had discarded the unnecessary addition to his signature.

Similarities of treatment are marked throughout Niccolo's work. He never was an extremely original artist, and repeated many times

² Work cited: "Archivio Storico dell'Arte," 1889, p. 91. The catalogue for this Paar sale cannot be located in the libraries in Rome, the Biblioteca Marziana at Venice, the Bibliotheque National at Paris, or the Library of the British Museum.

almost the identical motives used before. A book preserved in the Martiana at Venice,³ formerly belonging to the church of S. Giovanni e Paolo, has a very beautiful page representing the Crucifixion, somewhat similar to the Cleveland leaf. It is signed Nicholau' de Bononia F.

It is desired to reproduce this miniature here so that comparison may clarify the production of the man. Upon a close examination, the Venetian piece does not seem quite so fine in actual details. All the lines are a trifle coarsened, and the proportions shortened. In color, however, it is similar except that the central scene is placed against a solid background of deep blue, as contrasted with the gilded ground of arabesques in the Cleveland piece. This Venetian leaf is also simpler and more rudimentary in design. The Magdalen and the angels do not appear. It is as if it was the earlier conception of an idea later much elaborated. Another Crucifixion, in a missal belonging to Lord Aldenham,⁴ is also signed Nicolau' de Bononia F., and although likewise early in date shows the added figures which appear in the Cleveland example. However, again the Aldenham book lacks the amplitude of the Cleveland miniature, in which Niccolo has gone further in rhythmical design and in a surer space relationship. The figures in the latter, also, especially the crucified Christ, have a subtlety and profundity of characterization which Niccolo rarely reached and the arabesque ground is carried throughout in his best manner.

What are the main characteristics of the man as they appear in these two illustrations and throughout his work? They can be summarized briefly. The proportions are usually a trifle short. The color is cold, whitish and leaden in the flesh tones. Only in connection with the reds, blues, and golds of robes and backgrounds does a full-bodied feeling for color appear. The eyes are elongated, the effect accentuated by the line of the eyebrows; the hands and feet are puffy and badly drawn; the heads are rather flat; the mouths are large and cavernous; and the ears are characteristically placed far back on the head. The drapery has the same parallel folds resolving themselves into many little folds of zig-zag character. The compositions have nearly always the same disposition of figures. While all this is true, it must be recognized that the compositions Niccolo has chosen and repeated are extremely effective; that the expressions upon many of his faces and the expression of the figures as a whole are often really grandiose in quality; that the color

³ A Missale, Ord Praedicatorum, Latin 11, III cod. 97 (2115).

⁴ Burlington Fine Arts Club, Exhibition of Illuminated Manuscripts, 1908, pl. 120, no. 177.

has a rare distinction; and that the psychological import of the whole makes them worthy of being classed with the finest primitives of their time.

Certainly the Cleveland leaf may be ranked as among the most complete creations of the last ten years of his life, a few years later than the Crucifixion of the Martian Library in Venice. Unlike many of his later works, the Wade gift is not hurried in execution nor has it the large leonine mouths so often unpleasant in character. The background of golden arabesques upon a brownish base the artist has taken from earlier Bolognese models, just as he has taken the other elements of his art; but he has developed it completely, just as he has developed them completely. Certainly this unpublished miniature, here under consideration, sums up all the best elements in Niccolo da Bologna's art, just as *he* sums up the quality of Bolognese miniature painting in the last half of the Trecento.

GIOVANNI FATTORI

BY OLIVER S. TONKS

LAST winter Florence held an exhibition of the work of Giovanni Fattori. It was a centenary show held to honor a notable artist who died in 1908. This article is written because he should be better known in America.

Too many think that Italian painting ended with the Renaissance. It did not, for the obvious reason that a people cannot terminate its artistic life without itself passing out of existence. Certainly the Italian race has not done this. What actually happened is that, after the flaming days of the Renaissance, art, emotionally exhausted, fell into the hands of the Academicians who there, as elsewhere, turned their faces almost exclusively toward desolate, scholastic accuracy.

A similar situation had developed in France. But there the cold grip of the Academician quickly loosened under the successive impact of romanticist and realist. The main distinction between France and Italy is that, in the former land, men like Delacroix and Courbet came

to the rescue of art before any Italian awoke to the need of salvation. By 1850 French artists, by and large, had mighty little use for the Academy.

In Italy on the other hand the realists, or better, the non-academic group, were much more in the minority. Even more than in France they were the rebels. The Academy was still in control, sending out from Rome its antique problems and compelling its young disciples to depict the long-dead sorrows of ancient Greek or Roman.

Yet it was impossible for the brave adventures of the French to go entirely unnoted. Certain fiery young Italians fulminated against the artificiality of the Academy. Appreciative of the need not only of forthrightness but also of living themes they scoffed in ribald terms at the still-born classical subjects, and with an approximation to the simplicity of Courbet, reduced their pictures of contemporary material to an arrangement of simple planes and masses of color. These masses, spots, or *macchie* gave to these men the name *Macchiaioli*. In a measure they are brothers-in-blood of the post-impressionist, or rather of Courbet and his potent simplicity.

This break with the Academy in Italy came about much in the same way as in France. It was the manifest insincerity of cold, learned classicism that first irritated the Italian youth. Hecuba's sorrows and Niobe's tears were too remote to move them. They themselves were very much alive and they wished to deal with living things.

Generally speaking Giovanni Fattori kept step with these saucy rebels in so far as at heart he was undisturbed by the adventures of Brutus or the Horatii. But up to about 1850 he still was fooling with Medicean or antique themes. As concerned the matter of smooth, academic technique he was as fire-eating a *Macchiaiuolo* as any.

How much truth there may be in the idea, at least Fattori himself believed he had been eventually saved from the embrace of romanticism by Nino Costa. This apostle of modernism, about 1850, found Fattori at work on some musty Medicean theme. Stung by Costa's irony he forthwith started upon a modern military picture dealing with the Battle of Magenta.

By this work he definitely cut loose from the dead past; and for many years these military canvases — some of impressive size — held his attention. Judged by this type of painting Fattori might easily be mistaken for an Italian Detaille. But so to write him down would be to belittle one of the outstanding figures in the history of Italian paint-



GIOVANNI FATTORI: COUSIN ARGIA
Formerly in the Collection of Signor Mario Galli, Florence





GIOVANNI FATTORI: HORSES IN SUNSHINE
Collection of Signor Mario Galli, Florence



ing. With military and episodic artists the world is oversupplied. Fattori is more than that, for had he done naught else he would have remained a romanticist — who after all is technically an academician. For the Academy Fattori had very little use. Rather it was the academic viewpoint he despised, since in later life he was a professor in that venerable institution. Even at that his chief delight seems to have been to transgress all the accepted methods of instruction in that factory of art.

Fattori affiliates with that division of the impressionist, post-impressionist group in France which excludes such men as Monet and Sisley but includes Manet and Cezanne. There is even almost something of Van Gogh in his make-up. Of that later.

The bond that binds Fattori in style notably to Manet and Cezanne is his urge toward simplicity. He shows the same elimination of unnecessary modelling that makes Manet so apparently, yet so exasperatingly, simple. Still he did not ape the Frenchman. He no more copied him than he did Cezanne. In fact, while he has much of the seeming simplicity of the former, he possesses no less the solidity of the latter. If at one time he could paint *à la* Manet he could as easily portray his friend Diego Martelli at Antignano as elementally as Cezanne. So far as solidity goes his "Black Cow" might have been done as well by Cezanne as Fattori.

To call the Italian the follower of either Frenchman is foolish. He is rather the epitome of the various aims of the many Frenchmen who moved toward sincerity along different paths. But where each of these northerners rode his particular hobby persistently Fattori paints now this way now that according to his mood.

It is as if in this amazing Italian we have concentrated the sturdier ideals of the brave days of French painting. Nor were these ideals consciously adopted. Whatever Fattori wrought in the way of carrying out his purpose he did under the urge of his own soul. Above all he loved simplicity; but he demanded that this simplicity should be basically sound and structurally correct. Possibly it was the lack of this clear-cut definition which made him abominate many of the Impressionists of France. With sanity he recognized that good drawing is as much now as ever "the probity of art."

Fattori is never pretty; nor, by the same token, is he ever raw. His color is refined. At times it may be warm and mellow, again it may blaze with light like Sorolla's. He can paint with grace, witness

"Cousin Argia," but he can also paint with force. His ploughing oxen swinging uphill show him more himself than ever.

Painting at times with the savage satire of Goya — at times with the bareness of Degas — or analysing character in his portraits with unsurpassed interpretative power, always a student of the problem of light comparable with the best of the moderns, and having something of the essential simplicity of Millet, Fattori gathers up in himself the best that Italian art has had to say in the last century.

It is to be regretted that when a young man his lack of sympathy with the Academy left him unconscious of those elementary laws of decent composition which every tyro of that institution might have learned. This lack of coördination remains a defect in his style — reminding one of Sorolla in that matter. Nor do his remarkably accurate sketches and beautiful drawings compensate for it altogether.

Fattori's life is the traditional story of genius. Practically unappreciated by the general public, yet the admiration of his peers, his was an existence of poverty. He could too well remember the early days, when, in the joy of paying for his studio a whole month in advance, he danced and sang around the room in a delirium that finally led him to demonstrate his sense of complete proprietorship by spitting high on the walls to show that the room was his own, his very own, for a whole month. How he lived is a question: for the long list of remarkable likenesses which he painted were not for the gentry, or even commissioned; they are merely the portraits of his family and friends, painted, like so many of the portraits of Rembrandt in his later years — merely to practice his art.

Yet, fixed in his purpose to paint the things as he saw them, Fattori has helped to redeem Italian art from the slough of stale academism and ineffective prettiness. His style is manly, robust and sane. The only regret is that his greater glory comes to him after his death.

"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI" AND THE "HOLY
TRINITY" BY THE MASTER OF THE
"HEILIGE SIPPE" (HOLY KIN)

BY GABRIEL DE TÉREY

DURING the last years we have often heard of pictures leaving their old homes in European galleries, crossing the Atlantic, and finding new abodes in private or public collections of the United States. It goes without saying that such expatriations only took place after the war and from the three defeated Central European States. Sales of pictures from the collections of those countries were generally followed by animated controversies. And yet such transactions are easy to explain: the financial resources of the museums were reduced to a minimum, in the same proportion as their purchasing power decreased, prices rose, and yet there were plenty of unfulfilled wishes. All important museums have reserves, many of them containing pictures of high excellence, by masters already well represented in the collection. Most of the exported paintings were sold from the reserves, only on rare occasions were they taken from the walls of the galleries. Thus Bastiano Mainardi's "Portrait of a Cardinal" from the collection of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum at Berlin passed to Colonel Friedsam of New York. The Wardens of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum were willing to part with this panel because the museum possessed no less than four paintings by the same master, and the sale enabled them to make a new purchase.

The tidings reached us a short time ago that the Metropolitan Museum had acquired a picture by the master of the "Heilige Sippe," which used to be an ornament of the "Alte Pinakothek." A well-known Munich art dealer obtained the panel towards the end of 1925 by way of exchange, and sold it to the Metropolitan Museum. When rearranging the "Alte Pinakothek" in the year 1911 Director General Hugo von Tschudi, of revered memory, had placed it in the reserve, together with many other paintings of different schools, and only exhibited one picture by the master of the "Heilige Sippe," the big Triptych, representing the Circumcision in the middle piece, three male and three female saints on either side-wing.

The "Adoration of the Magi" by the master of the "Heilige Sippe" forms a very welcome addition to the German section of the Metro-

politan Museum, it originates from a collection of world-wide fame and has been duly appreciated by art critics as a fine and highly characteristic picture by one of the most interesting artists of the Cologne School.

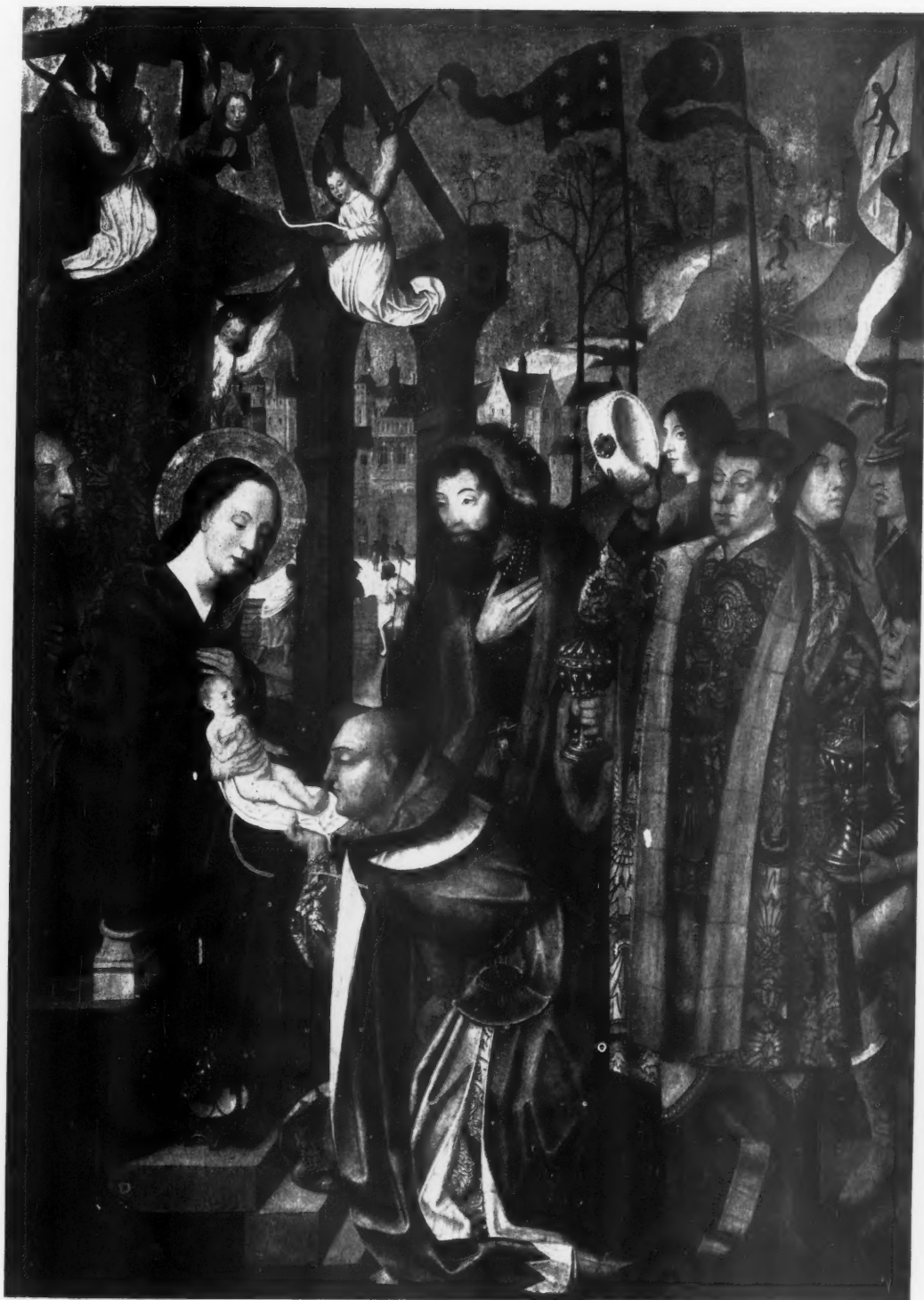
During the reign of the art-loving King Louis I of Bavaria, the galleries of that country were much enriched by excellent works of Italian, Flemish and German quattro — and cinquecentists. Pictures by Filippo and Filippino Lippi, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Raphael (Madonna Tempi and Madonna della Tenda), by old Flemish and German masters were purchased. The "Adoration of the Magi" now in the possession of the Metropolitan Museum, as well as many other paintings of the highest value belonged to the Boisserée Collection, which passed into the possession of King Louis I in 1827. It contained more than two hundred exquisite pictures by old Flemish and German masters and bore testimony to the consummate taste of the collectors, Sulpice and Melchior Boisserée. These highly gifted and many-sided brothers, experts in the true sense of the word, are the heroes of a scholarly book by E. Firmenich-Richarts,¹ intended by the author to be the introductory volume of a work on the Boisserée Collection, which his untimely death unfortunately prevented him from completing.

It has been often observed that "apart from the south, the shores of the Rhine offered the most fertile soil for artistic creation," and that "the crossing of romanesque and teutonic races effected there, under singularly auspicious circumstances, called into being a new and lovable type of men."

Cologne was the centre of a school of painters founded as early as the fourteenth century by Master William Herle. The beautiful altarpiece now in Cologne Cathedral, but originally in the Church of St. Clara, shows how nobly the old traditions were upheld. In the first decade of the fifteenth century Stephen Lochner, of sweet and poetic memory, lived and worked at Cologne, he was the painter whose famous altarpiece representing the three magi, no less a person than Albert Dürer thought worth mentioning in the diary he wrote on his journey from Nurnberg to the Netherlands in 1520.

In the course of the fifteenth century a succession of painters arose in Cologne, whose artistic personalities are clearly outlined even now,

¹ Eduard Firmenich-Richarts. *Die Bänder Boisserée* (Sulpice und Melchior Boisserée als Kunstsammler). Eugen Diederichs. Tena, 1916.



MASTER OF THE "HOLY KIN": THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York



although their names have long been forgotten. In the "History of Painting" they are designated by the names of their chief works. The first of them in time is the "Master of the Legend of St. George," so called from his pictures in the Museum of Cologne. In the same collection we see the "Glorification of the Virgin," which provided a second painter with a name. Yet another artist is called the master of the "Marienleben" after a series of eight pictures with scenes from the life of the Holy Virgin, seven of which are in the "Alte Pinakothek" in Munich, only one being in London.

A goodly company of famous anonymous painters follows. There is "The Master of St. Bartholomew," who has his name from the middle picture of an altarpiece in the Pinakothek at Munich.² Then the "Master of St. Severin," whose greatest work hangs above the Altar of St. Severin in Cologne. The highly original pupil of the latter has been christened "The Master of the Legend of St. Ursula," after the picture he painted for the parsonage of St. Ursula in Cologne, this work carries us on to the year 1515.

All these nameless painters form a strong contrast to their predecessor, the tender and poetic Stephen Lochner, through the distinctly realistic tendency of their art, which may be traced back to Rogier van der Weyden, the teacher, direct or indirect of the "Master of the Legend of St. George."

"A short time before the 'Master of the Legend of St. George' painted his great work" (1490), says Aldenhoven,³ "an artist came to Cologne, whom we call in default of a better name, 'The Master of the Glorification of the Virgin.' He probably lived and worked there up to 1480. As early as 1463 'The Master of the Life of the Virgin' owned a renowned workshop in the same city. His paintings are strongly influenced by Dierick Bouts of Louvain. For some time the eight pictures describing the Passion of our Lord, commonly called the 'Lyversberger Passion' (from the former proprietor), were wrongly ascribed to him, and he was therefore called alternately 'The Master of the Life of the Virgin' and 'The Master of the Lyversberg Passion.' Recent researches have, however, proved beyond challenge, that a far more original contemporary of the 'Master of the Life of the Virgin' created the Passion, and that his name was Tohann von Düren."

² This same artist is sometimes designated as "The Master of St. Thomas" after his Triptych in the Cologne Museum.

³ Carl Aldenhoven. *Geschichte der Kölner Malerschule*. Lübeck, 1902.

We again quote from Aldenhoven. "In the eighties of the fifteenth century a painter rose to fame who had passed his apprenticeship in the workshop of the 'Master of the Glorification of the Virgin,' perhaps his name was Heinrich von Aachen, and perhaps he was the son of Goedard Butgen von Aachen." For us he is the Master of the "Heilige Sippe." The period of his creative work seems to extend to about 1520.⁴ His altarpiece at Cologne is said to have been painted approximately in the year 1518 (Merlo, *Familie Hackenay*, page 70). The picture representing the Mass of St. Gregory in the Archbishop's palace at Utrecht bears the date of 1486. When grouping the artist's works, which are scattered in different collections,⁵ the critics generally start from this picture and conclude with his chief work the "Heilige Sippe" (Holy Kin) painted 1518, originally from the private chapel of the Hackenay family of Cologne.

The beauty of the master's earlier pictures is somewhat marred by heavy brown tints, whereas the works of his maturity display the pure translucent colours of old Flemish painters. The subject of the "Adoration of the Magi" treated on the picture belonging to the Metropolitan Museum has been chosen by the master more than once. We see it in Paris on a picture of the Dollfuss Collection, at Valkenburg near Maestricht, on one of the two pictures in the Jesuit College which were originally the wings of the Crucifixion in the Brussels Museum,⁶ on a painting, now the property of the Reichsfreiherr von Landsberg at Velen in Westphalia, and on one of the beautiful stained glass windows in the north aisle of the Cologne Cathedral.⁷

The Dollfuss picture shows a decided remembrance to the Altarpiece of the Cathedral, the Durie Child being almost a repetition. The Valkenburg Adoration is an original composition that has served once more for the Velen picture. As Aldenhoven pointed out, the artist in the last-mentioned picture took van Eyck's "Man with the Pink" (Berlin, Kaiser Friedrich Museum) for his model, and gave the same features, though much younger, to the third king in the New York picture, the one attired in rich brocade.

⁴ Ludwig Scheibler. *Repertorium für Kunstwissenschaft*. VIII (1884), page 57. The "Katalog der Alten Pinakothek in München" (1922) states the artist to have worked from about 1480 to about 1510.

⁵ A repetition of this triptych, the left wing of which is the "Adoration of the Magi," is now at Vallendar near Ehrenbreitstein.

⁶ There is also a panel with two Saints in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston (No. 167).

⁷ Scheibler in the work quoted above, p. 57, mentions two wing pictures belonging to Dr. W. Virnich at Bonn, one of them being the "Adoration of the Magi."



MASTER OF THE "HOLY KIN": THE HOLY TRINITY
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York



The composition of the panel (119 x 86 cm.) in the Metropolitan Museum is perfectly balanced, focussing the attention of the beholder on the chief figures, especially the sweet-faced Madonna. The heads of the three kings are strongly individualized, the main group is rounded off by the attendants of the kings, bearing fluttering banners, and the dainty angels, so demure in their long, loose robes, hovering lovingly above the Holy Mother. The picture is closed in at the left by a town with many spires and turrets, at the right by the steep slopes of a hill. A golden background replaces the sky.

On the back of the panel, which probably formed the left wing of an altarpiece, we see a representation of the Holy Trinity. A canopied, Gothic throne with a brocaded back takes up the greatest part of the picture, angels draw back a green curtain right and left, thus disclosing God Almighty, clasping the inanimate body of His Son, behind whose thorn-encircled brow the white dove is visible. The Holy Father is clad in a rich mantle, His mighty head is crowned and mitered. Our Saviour's nude body is almost painfully realistic. The eight angels, four on either side, are grouped vertically from the tiled floor upward to the canopy, giving the effect of living pillars. The lady-donator, kneeling in the foreground to the right of the throne, is folding her hands in prayer.

This grandiose composition, the central group of which is so plastic as almost to make the impression of a polychrome sculpture, shows subtle differentiation of values, especially in the treatment of the angels.

What rare combination of artistic qualities makes us linger before this picture? Its total effect is certainly monumental, yet every detail is worked out with the loving care of the early Gothic masters. But even this is not all: only life appeals to life, soul to soul — and here we feel as living breath, the calm, firm faith, the deep religious fervour of the middle ages.

Budapest.

DAVID

BY JAN-TOPASS

THE French Revolution did more than overthrow the throne and decapitate society. It changed the whole aspect of life, transformed the quality of æsthetic appreciation of the sense of beauty, and the earlier concepts of art, its aims, and in some measure its forms were overthrown.

Just as the male and gilded pomp of the seventeenth century gave place after the eclipse of the "Roi Soleil" to the feminine charm of the Rococo; so the voluptuous grace of the eighteenth century with its fragile suppleness, coquettish flexibility and undulant line wedded to a delicately blooming color perished in its turn with the easy morals, with the "sport and laughter," with those thousands of giddy heads that fell beneath the knife on the Place de la Revolution.

The chubby cherubs of Francois Boucher;¹ the semi-nudities, rose and pearl of his pupil, Fragonard;² Lancret's gallant, somewhat licentious pastorals;³ the indelicacies of Baudoin;⁴ the pseudo-naïvetés of Greuze;⁵ even Chardin's⁶ bourgeois intimacies, decent, genial and modest as they were, and Jeaurat's⁷ light and fluid phantasy, his smiling humor that produced landscapes like opera settings and Madonnas and Venuses that had their inspiration in the women of the stage, whose personages, male and female, were borrowed from the realm of faërie and from the *Commedia dell'arte*; all that died forever. Dead, too, was the poesy of Diderot — superseded the ideas of the Encyclopedists and the easy morality of Jean Jacques Rousseau hardened to a strict puritanism. In the entire field of French activities — social, political, ethical and æsthetic — an impulse toward virtue was evidenced — a firm, stern, imperious, in a word a Roman virtue. Orators assumed the attitudes of Tribunes on the Sacred Hill. The *Senatus populusque romanus* became the model for the new régime. Busts of Brutus, Scipio and Seneca replaced those of the Kings and of the Saints. Those fierce

¹ Francois Boucher (1703-1770), author of canvases filled with a licentious grace.

² Jean-Honore Fragonard (1732-1806), painter and engraver of scenes of gallantry.

³ Nicholas Lancret (1690-1743), painter of smiling and agreeable pictures.

⁴ Pierre Antoine Baudoin (1723-1769).

⁵ Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1725-1805).

⁶ Jean-Baptiste Simeon Chardin (1699-1779) excelled in genre paintings.

⁷ Etienne Jeaurat (1699-1789).

Translated by Alice M. Sharkey

avengers who "dipped their hands in the blood of tyrants"—the Athenian Harmodius, and his friend, Aristogiton, and the heroes of a sacrificial patriotism such as Mucius Scevola, Curtius and Leonidas were venerated and honored.

Of necessity, therefore, heroism came to be identified with beauty. Life took on an aspect of antiquity and art followed suit if indeed it was not the precursor in this new régime. Without doubt there exists between the two a reciprocal and parallel action, and Oscar Wilde seems to state a truth when he advances the apparent paradox that it is art which authenticates nature.

Be that as it may a republican genius animated the spoken word, the gesture and all creative effort. Quotations from Tacitus and Livy fell from pulpit and tribune in the guise of evangels. Talma roused public enthusiasm in the role of Corneille's "Horace," and David with his "Horaces" was hailed as a great master, portrayer of pure truth, master of pure beauty, prophet of the only true ideal, and became a public figure.

Strictly speaking the first notes were sounded by Vien⁸ and by Regnault⁹ one of David's pupils. But the one had little wit, technique or inspiration, and the other but mediocre gifts; the role of founder of a school therefore devolved upon David.

Louis David at first worked within the formulas of the moment. Gifted with a robust talent he displayed to begin with no more originality than his contemporaries. In 1775 he went to Italy in the company of his master, Vien, who had been made Director of the French Academy. In Rome he met a comrade, Peyron, who seduced by the works of Winckelmann, Lessing, Hamilton, Sulzer and Heyne, and enthralled by the recent excavations at Herculaneum and Pompeii had allied himself with several artists—among them Raphael Mengs and Pompeo Battoni in the study of the antique.

David once remarked "It was Peyron who opened my eyes," but in the meantime he was still rebellious towards the new ideal and but mildly moved by the chefs d'oeuvres of the Renaissance. "My intelligence," he averred, "had in it something Gallic and barbarous which had to be overcome before achieving that state of purity and erudition failing which one can but vaguely admire the achievement of Raphael, and would neither understand it nor know how to profit by it. Raphael

⁸ Joseph-Marie Vien (1716-1809).

⁹ Jean-Baptiste Regnault (1754-1829).

was much too delicate a food for my gross appetite."¹⁰

Much later still David turned to sculpture rather than to paintings for inspiration and profit. Opinionated and laborious he assiduously copied the sculptures in the round, the high and low reliefs in which the Eternal City abounds, to achieve, according to his own words, "the antique pure and simple." (Is not here an explanation of his essentially sculptural style?)

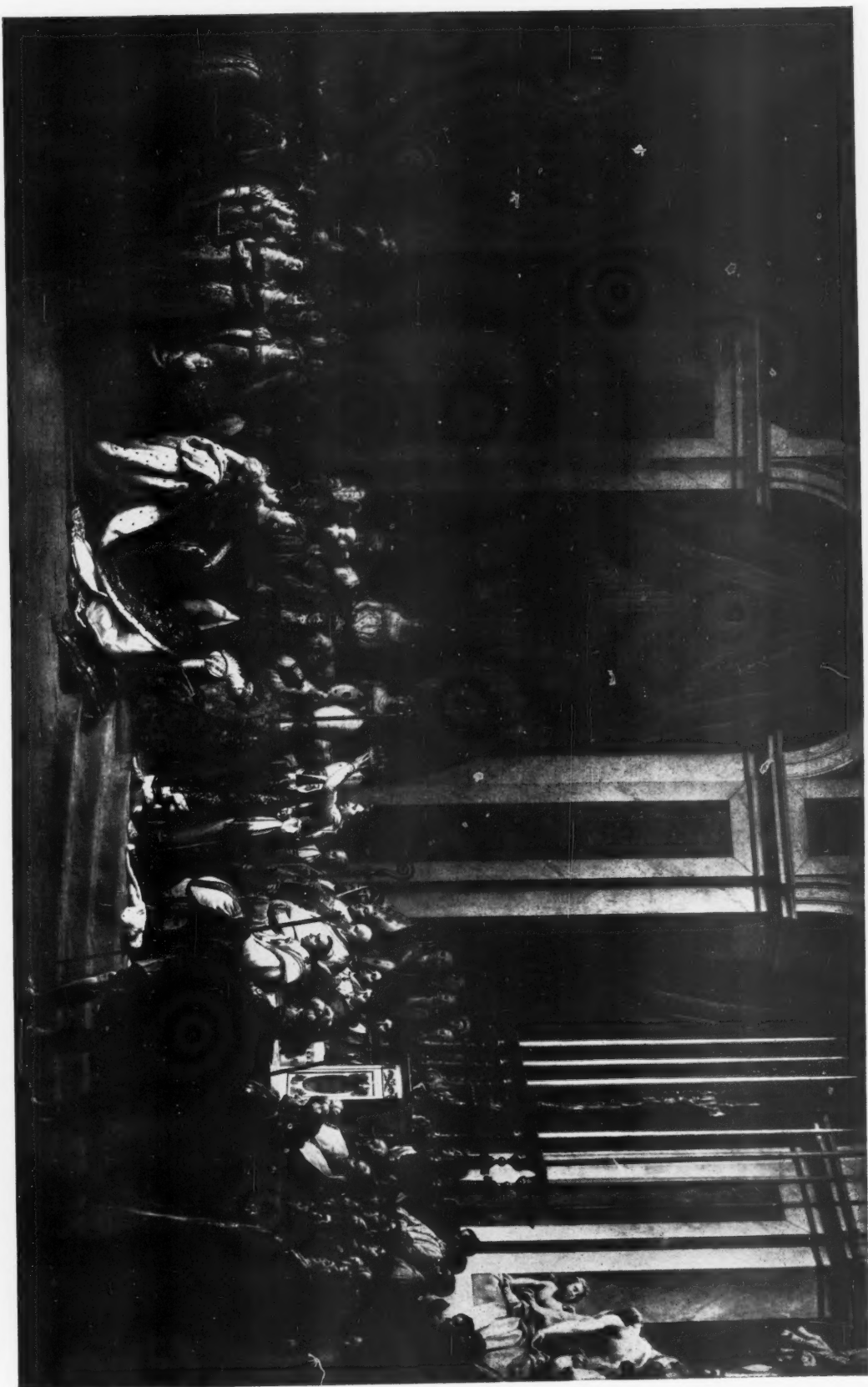
His first important canvas, painted in 1779, during the fourth year of his stay in Rome, "The Plague of St. Roch," is still a transition work where new currents are mingled with old habitudes. It marks the first evolution of an artist who was to pass through three or four phases. In 1781 after his return to Paris David exhibited his "Belisarius asking Alms," and in 1783 "Andromache Weeping over the Body of Hector." In these two canvases, however, he had not attained his full stature and the painting is still somewhat weak although the second shows a distinct advance.

His next canvas, "The Oath of the Brothers Horace," represents a culminating point in David's work and marks a date in the history of French art. Here the definite victory of a new tendency over an outworn formula is affirmed. The puritan genius of neo-classicism has overthrown the aristocratic spirit of the Rococo; the rectilinear stiffness of the classic manner has banished the sinuous arabesques of that playful style; the dramatic élan of the heart and a grave spiritual inspiration have defeated the intoxication of the senses. For, let there be no mistake, despite its apparent rigidity and almost mathematical severity this new Renaissance harbored a real passion in its depth. This is proved by David's own tempestuous career¹¹ and by the enthusiasm which it breathes in his art. For the rest his "The Brothers Horace" reveals him as an authentic master and a definite revolutionary.

Lineally speaking the composition presents a rectangular triangle and effects a difficult psychological accord between two groups widely sundered in sentiment. On the left in vertical lines the strained exaltation of the three brothers is depicted; on the right and horizontally the desolation, distress and anguish of the women and children. If in this canvas, perfect in so many respects, there be noticed a slight anachronism — and that no doubt voluntary — in the garments and weapons of the Brothers Horace which should belong to the period of Tullius

¹⁰ Quoted in DeCluse's book, "Louis David, his School and his Times."

¹¹ David was alternately Painter to the King, Member of the Convention, and voting for the death of the King, premier painter at the Imperial court, and finally an exile at the time of the restoration.



DAVID: THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON



Hostilius but are really those of Cæsar's time; emphasis should also be laid on the happy expedient by which David has created an impression of concentrated energy, of a sole and unique determination, through a calculated repetition in the attitudes and gestures of these brothers taking the oath of death or victory.¹²

He again made use of this invention in the "Oath of the Jeu de Paume" a vast canvas where in view of the numbers of figures involved this trick of composition might seem particularly dangerous. Here, too, the gesture is repeated almost identically. The massed figures of the deputies of the Third Estate stretch their hands towards Bailly who is reading the oath of allegiance, and again this reiteration of plastic effect instead of engendering monotony, as might well be feared, effects a strong and splendid rhythm.¹³

David's work abounds in daring and ingenious inventions. For instance, in this same canvas, despite its historical exactitude, ordered discipline and strict realism we perceive through an open window in the corner of the hall a piece of arbitrarily introduced symbolism—the Chapel Royal of Versailles struck by lightning.

None the less, innovator and revolutionary as he was, David could not altogether break away from the French tradition. He merely disowned the eighteenth century on principle and rejected it through sentiment. In some of his works his style resembles that of Poussin,¹⁴ for instance, the "Death of Socrates," one of his finest paintings, as much in its composition as in the accuracy of the portrayal and the general spirit. But, let him touch for a moment a subject dear to the eighteenth century and the antagonism between his talent and that caressing art, compact of smiles and sighs, becomes at once apparent. Graceful painting—the distinguishing trait of that period—is decidedly not his forte, as witness "The loves of Paris and Helen."¹⁵ Essentially epic in spirit, lyricism is foreign to his nature. Sombre, severe, austere, he is not at home amid the merry wiles of Cupid.

His heart and brain were haunted by a vision of ancient Rome, by her grave heroism, and it was to this Roman drama that he turned

¹² This oath of opposition to the King and faith to the ideals of the constitution took place in the Hall of the Jeu de Paume, at Versailles, June 20, 1789.

¹³ Through untoward circumstances this canvas was never completed, and only the preliminary design, perfectly finished, to be sure, is to be seen. It was exhibited in this state in the Salon in 1791, and is at present in the Louvre in the section devoted to drawings.

¹⁴ Nicholas Poussin (1594-1665).

¹⁵ This painting was a commission from the Count d'Artois, father of Louis XVI, given in the year 1788.

again and again for his favorite themes. In 1789 he painted "Lictors bringing to Brutus the body of his Son," and ten years later, in 1799, "The Sabine Women." In this last work David's archaic spirit goes back even further. In the "Brothers Horace" he was Roman, here he strives to be Greek. The composition of the Sabine Women is "as deliberately balanced and symmetrical as the plan of a fine tragedy"¹⁶ as were his earlier works, but the coloring is infinitely gayer, the modeling supple, and the forms have an elegance hitherto lacking in David's work.

After this painting, one of his most remarkable, David painted "Bonaparte Scaling Mount St. Bernhard." In depicting the conqueror "calm on a fiery steed" he endeavored to symbolize his dual nature—his ardor and impetuosity combined with impassivity.

David's next canvas and incontestably his masterpiece is "The Coronation of Napoleon." Executed in the grand manner, peculiarly vital, ceremonious, but in no wise over emphasized, it everywhere touches perfection. The composition is vertical and divided into seven groups alternately luminous and sombre. The rare and scientific *chiaroscuro*, the portrayal of the solemn, dignified yet strangely realistic figures and the masterly technique of this canvas are worthy of the finest epochs in the history of art.

"The Distribution of the Eagles" which succeeds it chronologically is in our opinion much weaker both in conception and execution—too many Olympian Gods dragging their scabbards and jingling their spurs—too much stiffness—too many accessories. David's last historical painting, "Leonidas," begun in 1800 and finished in 1814 is still less important and marks the period of his decline.

One is tempted to believe that the genius of David is intertwined with the destinies of the revolution. He made his first appearance during its prologue, in royalty's bitterest hour, progressed and developed throughout its turmoil and reached his zenith during its last act—which, too, was an apotheosis—the epopee of the Napoleonic era. His artistic temperament, human tendencies and political faiths fitted to a remarkable degree into the frame of this grave and pathetic era. Life at that moment, in the course of its events, in its form and in its poetry accorded perfectly with David's antique vision, with the Roman spirit of heroism which was his ideal, and offered to this vision, to this ideal a resting place and roots—a visible and tangible crystallization. Only

¹⁶ A phrase of Theophile Gautier's.



DAVID: Mlle. CHARLOTTE DU VAL D'OGNES
The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York



a reality of this particular type could have proved valid and desirable for David, the puritan devoid of voluptuousness, the frank revolutionary, the realist untinged with mysticism.

For David for all his antique background, his toga-robed figures, his manner of composition borrowed from classic art is above all a realist. His portraits prove that indubitably, be it the memorable likeness of Pope Pius the Seventh, so beautifully painted; or the striking simplicity of his Madame Recamier; the Deputy Gerard with his Children; the portrait of Barère de Vieuzac, the so-called "Anacreon of the Guillotine" with his glacial and venomous glance; or the self-portrait in which he has disdained every artifice of pose and trick of lighting that would have modified his misshapen cheek and twisted mouth. And is he not, above all, realist even naturalist in those other canvases which are really portraits: "The Death of Marat," "The Assassination of Lepelletier de Saint-Fargeau," "The Youthful Baras," which are so faithful, so pitiless in their veracity?¹⁷ And what else was he in his famous dictum to his pupils, "Let us first be true — after that we can be beautiful." David was not only an artist and a great creative genius — he was the founder of a school. His atelier was thronged with pupils, and his influence felt throughout the art manifestations of his day — both in the fine and the applied arts. Everything was impregnated with his taste, his spirit and his doctrines. Nevertheless he forbore to exercise any restraint on his pupils during the period of their studies with him nor demanded any sacrifice of individuality. Gérard, Giradet-Trianon, Isabey, Granet, Léopold Robert, Drouais, Ingres, who were his pupils, retained their own particular physiognomy and kept their talent intact. So many names; so many styles; so many temperaments; so many different realizations.

And finally a word about the close of his career and the death of the man. Louis David, to whom we owe besides numerous beautiful canvases, a style, a discipline and a school of the utmost value, died an exile in Brussels,¹⁸ where he was banished by the Restoration, on December 29, 1825, in his seventy-seventh year¹⁹ far from his family, far from his country and far from his dream — for at the moment a royalty without grandeur; a beauty devoid of nobility, and customs lacking the heroic quality were again in the ascendant.

¹⁷ Here is another aphorism confirming David's realistic tendencies. To become a good painter one must go from nature to the antique and the great masters — then back again to nature.

¹⁸ The Law of Exile, of January 16, 1816, formulated by the government of Louis XVII.

¹⁹ Louis David was born in Paris, August 31, 1748.

TOULOUSE LAUTREC

BY HENRI HERTZ

MOST great artists sooner or later rebel against the conventions of their upbringing. Those whom we have already discussed here have all engaged in a struggle more or less long and arduous, but which invariably at a certain point involved their liberty and courage and forced them to an abrupt choice. Renoir and Degas suffered least in this respect. Manet and Van Gogh experienced cruel adjustments.

Where Toulouse Lautrec was concerned this phenomenon was particularly complex, but astonishingly harmonious and complete. His father was one of those swaggering country squires who are at once the admiration and the terror of the French countryside. A bon vivant of rabelaisian turn, sportsman, trencherman and braggart, he went accompanied by his dogs from one château to the other, of which he owned several in the Languedoc, a roisterer at once debonnair and violent.

The feudal spirit was revived in him though not in its sombre and militant form. He came from the south, from the Tarn, a country of artists and troubadours, whose traditions full of a caressing warmth combined with dignity led its nobles to dedicate their time and wealth as much to the cultivation of a gracious leisure as to fighting and violence. Avid of adventure though they might be, their faith was not apt to involve them in very distant or arduous crusades, and they particularly distinguished themselves in the wars with Italy, that country of the poet and artist. The re-taking of the Holy Sepulchre itself would have allured them less than the acquisition of a fine picture depicting the scene! An appreciation of art was native to them, and the father of Toulouse Lautrec, who was far from a commonplace individual, was no exception to this rule.

His vivid imagination was occupied incessantly with visions of one kind or another — some tending to farcical mystifications and practical jokes, others of a higher order leading him to seek in particular the association of artists. His preferences in this respect were quite naive. As is often the case this man of action — whose disconcerting impulses were never restrained by the conventions — to the consternation of his wife who lived in terror of his rashness, became on the plane of the intellect a quite humble-minded individual, although the mere fact of his risking himself there at all involved a degree of hardihood. He had an



THE OPERA "MESSALINA AT BORDEAUX"
BY TOULOUSE LAUTREC

Collection of Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, New York



enormous respect for certain painters whom his son later on was to hold in complete disdain, and was at ingenuous pains to secure these men for him as masters. Naturally they were speedily discarded by the son, for which, incidentally, the old count bore him no malice whatsoever.

When his son was born, November 24, 1864, the Count de Lautrec was absent on a hunting trip. Was he overjoyed at this event? We have no idea. The joys and pleasures of the common lot by no means sufficed this gentleman so celebrated for his eccentricities in local society. For the encampment, for instance, which he established in the great square at Albi at the height of the hunting season, to the delight of the yokels, who watched him coming and going gypsy-fashion surrounded by servants, dogs and hawks.

Perhaps the idea of a son in whom his follies might be prolonged and diversified touched his vanity. To amuse him, he dressed up as a Highlander, replacing the kilts by the skirts of a ballet girl. He went with him at night to gather "cêpes" holding a candle in one hand, a hat box in the other. In fact this son was to be a joyous comrade — that was his idea of the situation. He never dreamed but that, like himself, the boy would be robust, broad of shoulder, a lusty cavalier and the worthy heir of all his tastes.

This dream was destined soon to fade and the sight of his child to become touched with bitterness. Nature had placed no unsurmountable moral barrier between the two but she interposed a physical one. The young Toulouse Lautrec was sickly. By an unfortunate mischance, two successive accidents in which his leg was broken practically crippled him, and he took on the aspect of infirmity. With inherited cynicism he was wont in self-mockery to compare himself to a teapot because of his rounded back, and to a crab on account of his walk.

The unexpected consequence of this physical mischance was the sudden and violent transference to a preoccupation with art of all those instincts and impulses common to both father and son, and which otherwise would doubtless have found their outlet in a congenial companionship.

This lad constrained to a sedentary life, adoring horses and longing to ride, but able only to satisfy this longing by drawing and painting them, and his roistering father, constantly in the saddle, grew very far apart. They discovered, however, in art a secret meeting-ground where the son brought many things in which he resembled his father, and the father recognized traits which endeared his son to him.

This peculiar situation merits insistence for it is constantly reflected in the fertile, crude and bitter work of Toulouse Lautrec, and it is for this reason that contrary to the usual case it is not superfluous to dwell upon the character of the father in order to better understand the art of the son.

This relationship, at once constant and unnatural, profoundly real, although harsh, the cordial disagreement, if one may so phrase it, of this father and son assumed from the very first an almost comical aspect and involved them in a species of "hide and seek."

Henri de Toulouse Lautrec's mother took him to Paris to study art, since this seemed obviously his destiny. His father made the choice of his masters, and there followed a succession of highly significant acts of acquiescence and rebellion.

The young "monster" at first settled down in docile enough fashion, in accordance with his father's advice, in the studio of René Princeteau. This he was not unwilling to do, as Princeteau and J. Lewis Brown, whom he met there, were both painters of horses, for which he had a passion. With similar docility he passed from Princeteau's studio to Bonnat's, and from there to Cormon's. At a distance one is surprised at the nonchalant good nature with which this acrid and disgruntled gentleman passed through these various schools of wisdom, evincing to be sure some impatience and under a continual necessity of change.

Henri de Toulouse Lautrec learned there exactly what it pleased him to learn, that is to say a certain rigor of construction and a tradition of composition from which he never wavered. It must, moreover, be stated that had the pupils in these studios resembled the masters he would very quickly have shaken their dust from his feet. It so happened, however, that at this period these cold ateliers, dedicated apparently to the perpetuation of facsimilies, were filled with rebels. One only studied the "good," according to the scholastic ideal, in order to fortify oneself in the ideas of revolt. At Cormon's Toulouse Lautrec was a fellow student of Van Gogh's, which is both curious and reassuring, and other less illustrious comrades who proved congenial to his mocking spirit — Ganzi, Claudon, Grenier and Augustin — paid little more attention than he did to Cormon's teachings, but never wearied in their enthusiastic discussions of Degas and Renoir, those great intermediaries through whom they were to discover their real masters, Velasquez, Goya and the Japanese.

This dual apprenticeship, outwardly docile, but undisciplined and

capricious behind the screen, culminated about 1885 in a respectful emancipation of a most original nature.

Just as the father was wont to descend, glass in hand, on the towns and villages of the countryside, for the pleasure of shining there, and imposing his inherited sovereignty of birth, heart and wit; so the son in his turn threw himself into that aspect of Parisian life which was most lenient both toward his physical disabilities and his violent and dislocated temperament. He became Montmartre's great Lord from the Languedoc, and it was there he reigned, condescendingly plebian and genially aristocratic, combining a Don Quixote-like hauteur with the innocent hypocrisy of a Sancho Panza, at once the knight and the servitor of his own soul — as was his father — but adding thereto that stormy and judicial lustre which his concentrated, bitter, and vengeful genius shed on the wildest follies.

From then on Montmartre became his fief, and he seldom left it. He became a habitué of the Moulin Rouge, the Rat Mort, the Moulin de la Galette, the Souris, and the Hanne-ton, of the Clou du Mirliton, the Elysée Montmartre and the Divan Japonais. In all these resorts he was received on a footing of equality which was not without its admixture of homage. This was the heroic epoch, the golden age of Montmartre.

Its dance halls glittered like the steeples around his native Albi and he entered them as a master sure of his ground. Each one had its particular hero, and he got on splendidly with heroes: Demi-Siphon, Muguet, La Limmonière, La Goulue, La Mélinite, Valentin le Désossé were his friends, and J. Oller, the Director of the Moulin Rouge became his confidant.

The fact that his intelligence exercised a complete sovereignty over the smallest recesses of this queer and perverse section of Paris filled him with a species of malign satisfaction. He traversed his kingdom unremittingly, going from ball to bar, from the Hérisson d'Or to the Bar des Lutteurs where he fraternized with Raoul le Boucher and Laurent le Beaucarois; and to Achille's, the rendezvous of the jockeys. From the bars he passed on to private resorts. Tristan Bernard prevailed on him to enlarge the boundaries of his excursions a little, and introduced him to the world of the Buffalo Velodrome, where he at once formed a friendship with Zimmerman and Michael, two famous riders of the day. For fifteen years he was a part of the night life of Montmartre, lancing there the mordant sallies of his wit, hunting his

game everywhere, at the gates of prisons, in the haunts of pleasure and of misery, dealing out justice at the foot of some stage column, and applauding there the "chaheet," a sort of can-can in vogue at the moment.

His lodgings were not far from the theater of his observations and of his escapades. He was not one of those aristocrats who, living in the exclusive quarter, descend to plunge dilettante-fashion into the world of the circus and the music halls. He lived on the spot, he was one with the people of his visions.

From 1887 to 1899 when he was taken to a private hospital at St. James he gravitated between the Rue Fontaine, the Rue Tourlaque and the Avenue Frochot. Each one of these haunts represented for him a certain notoriety just as did his father's. The cocktails he prepared in the Rue Tourlaque in the company of Felix Fenelon, Tristan Bernard, Romain Coolus, Francis Jourdain were characteristic, and the famous dinner at the Kangaroo, consisting of a lamb tricked out with the tail of an ox, was long a subject of gossip.

Father Forest's garden, made famous by him, was his main workshop. It was there that all his Montmartre friends came to him to be painted. This garden which partook both of the jungle and the tavern was his headquarters, the scene of his pursuits and of his conquests. His savage art unfolded itself there and it became the birthplace of his finest work.

If I go into so much detail it is not, as you will readily realize, from a mere delight in the picturesque, or simply to describe an environment and evoke a group of people who, in absorbing the life of this physically shattered aristocrat, risked at least the appearance of having destroyed his soul. It is rather because each incident, each encounter, each more or less equivocal relationship of this *déclassé* existence branded his cruelly penetrating spirit as with iron, and awoke in him a sort of diabolical sensuality, tortured and jealous, which translated by the mastery of his tyrannical art, led him to immortalize this world in merciless guise as some infernal fairy tale.

When we compare the art of Toulouse Lautrec with that of other painters of the same period who were intrigued by the same subjects and gifted with the same species of pitiless observation, we quickly feel an essential difference. The fury with which a Degas or a Seurat threw himself into the study of the life of the crowded quarters, noting the professional deformities and moral corruption with which even its most

harmonious and joyous manifestations were stamped was always and almost exclusively the outcome of an insatiable appetite for form. It was for the joy of moulding and living material of these bodies, of dissecting and reconstructing them; it was in stripping from them the secret of their visible forms that their interest lay, and the impression created by their work may be summed up as one of purely artistic satisfaction.

With Toulouse Lautrec the obsession of suffering, of physical damnation is eternally present. There is in his works a nightmare of ridicule, a ferocious sense of perdition, of loss of caste, not through vice, not through abandon, but at the compulsion of a fatality, under the curse of a contagion and a plague as implacable as the law of Dante's *Inferno*.

This vision arose from a depth of clairvoyance, of pity and of terror that was personal to him and an essential part of his genius, and to which his instinct of an aristocrat was no stranger.

Leaning on the rails of bars, over the balconies at public balls, he loved to stigmatize the degradation of this mad, motley and wretched humanity, treasuring, on the other hand, the unexpected troves of heart and wit which consoled and avenged him. In its glorification of gambling and pleasure, of the vices which mock at the so-called decencies of life, a judgment and condemnation at one and the same time, Toulouse Lautrec's violent sarcasm struck to right and left constituting at once an epic and a satire. It is this quality which distinguished him from his contemporary impressionists, who, like him, cultivated the criminals and the dark places of Paris.

In the scroll of his achievement these words should be inscribed: His hand did not betray his soul, nor weaken it. Every accent of his line, his color and his composition testifies to the profound impulses of a heart attuned to struggle and havoc. In incessant manifestations his aristocratic art which, however, drew its sustenance from the populace, delineated its wan and haggard subjects in brusque fashion, by violent strokes of brush or pencil, which needed but a few subsequent decisive touches to lend the final distinction. In the long run, and at no sacrifice of suppleness or variety, this impetuous art was confined within certain definite formulas, defiant and vehement affirmations which at the moment of capturing the essence of figures, gestures or scenes, exaggerated and twisted them to secure a more haggard, delirious, cynical and distorted effect, a more criminal and miserable appearance, as

though permeated by folly, lewdness and remorse.

In my opinion, among all the manifestations of modern painting, the art of Toulouse Lautrec is penetrated with a purpose and imagination which brings it notably into a close relation with the art of the old masters of Cologne. It seems to breathe some strange spirit of the Last Judgment. His paintings lay Parisian life bare, lash and persecute it. Beneath their garments his men and women in whom life is an exasperation — though their profession is to render it more gay — are naked and wan-like sinners harassed by encircling demons. And in these confused and indivisible scenes there stray sometimes over the guilty faces of the participants angelic smiles — reflections from Paradise.

And so this great artist in whom a feeling for the superb warred with his sense of precision and exactitude, urged by the complex currents of his race, his nature and his infirmity unrolled before our eyes from 1881 to 1889, without any system and at the whim of a luxuriant and fantastic imagination, a kind of demoniacal fresco of the life of Paris at play, a richly varied achievement touching all the most illustrious contemporary work, but holding itself tragically aloof from any kindness or benevolence to be found there. Portraits, intimate scenes, scenes from the theater were piled up with an ever-increasing verve. It is, moreover, in no wise an exclusive or a specialized art. To limit himself to a speciality would have been repugnant to the temperament of Toulouse Lautrec. He painted other portraits than those of the habitués of the Moulin Rouge and the Moulin de la Galette, and he painted other scenes. But his constant absorption in this atmosphere of excitement and misery is reflected in his vision of more conservative scenes and people. The trouble of this equivocal world seems to have invested him with a species of incisive fierceness.

Let us glimpse this profusion in enumerating some of his principal canvases: In 1881, *The Hawk*; in 1884, *The Theater*; in 1888, *Girl in the White Bodice*; in 1889, exhibited at the Independents, *The Ball at the Moulin de la Galette*, *The Englishman at the Havre*; in 1890 *Valentin le Désossée Instructing the Newcomers*, *Melle Dilhan at the Piano*; in 1891, *An Operation by Péan*, *Gabrielle the Dancer*, *Girl with Fur*, *Old Man in a Blouse*, *Woman with a Dog*, *Furnished*, *Truc for Live*; in 1892, *La Goulue and her Sister*, *La Goulue's Entrance*, *La Goulue resting between Dances*, *Woman with a Comb*; in 1893, *Jane Avril, the Moulin de la Galette*; in 1894, *Alfred la Guigne*; in 1895, *Decoration for La Goulue's Booth*, *Female Clown*, *Woman Resting*,

Valentin and La Goulue; in 1897, *Woman Crouching*, *Women at Play*, *Nude in Front of Mirror*, *White and Black*, *The Cage*; in 1898, *The Singing Lesson*, *Round the Table at Mme. Natanson's*; in 1899, *At the Races*, *In the Private Room*; in 1900, *Messalina at Bordeaux*, *The Toilet*, *Child with Dog*; in 1901, the year of his death, *An Examination at the Faculty of Medicine*. Each one of these paintings was the pivot for an abundant production which multiplies it in replicas or variants. There are moreover portraits which may be grouped around these same canvases of which at least forty are celebrated. One may mention those of Madame Natanson, Madame Pascal, Melle Dilhan, Dr. Bourges, M. Boileau, Van Gogh, Louis Pascal, Henri Manuel, Maxime de Thomas, of his mother, of Emile Davout on board his Yacht, of Delaports, Leclercq, Andre Rivoire, Madame Korsikoff, of Madame de Lauradon, Louis Bougle, May Milton, etc., etc.

And in addition to these important works any number of posters, drawings, sketches and lithographs of which Durand Ruel gave an exhibition in 1894.

Henri de Toulouse Lautrec cared much less for travel than did the painters to whom he was akin. He was bound by a sort of diabolical attachment to that corner of Paris with which he exchanged such terrible shocks of love and repulsion and from which the lightning flashes of his work streamed out. Other artists were prone to live and paint in the suburbs but he spent little time there. He went, however, to Villiers sur Morin where he made a portrait of Grenier and to Étrepagny where he shot crows with Anquetin.

Maxime de Thomas induced him to go further afield. He went to England, Belgium, Holland and Spain, but the only outcome was a portrait of Romain Coolus, painted in the manner of Greco. He was to be seen also at Arachon, where he painted the harbour, at Dinard and at Granville where he went about dressed as a Captain of the merchant marine. He was, too, occasionally to be seen at Albi where he proved as astonishing and disquieting a figure as his father.

His last journey was to the Chateau of Malronné where he was taken after an attack of illness in 1901. He died there on the ninth of September and was buried at Verdelaïs.

This father and son who secretly and at heart had never abandoned each other were again united. Beside the bier of his son the old Count de Lautrec offered a spectacle worthy of the coulisses of the Fernando Circus or of the Moulin Rouge. He insisted that he would follow the

coffin on horseback, because he suffered from corns, or at any rate with bare feet, and he hurriedly shaved off his beard as a sign of mourning.

Tristan Bernard on hearing of the death of Henri de Toulouse Lautrec summed up these words, whose discreet allusiveness is charged with a tragic significance, the phantom-like earthly career of this great painter who peopled scenes of crudest realism with macabre and vivid spectres, "Lautrec is restored once more to the world of the supernatural."

CORRESPONDENCE

My Dear Mr. Sherman:

The contention of Prof. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., in the February issue of "Art in America" to the effect that the painting which he has christened "The Princeton Raphael" is at least in part the work of Raphael himself has so far as I know not been contradicted in any responsible quarter, and I feel therefore that any information dealing with its earlier history cannot fail to be of interest. Professor Mather has referred in appreciative terms to the notes which I had prepared on the picture, but in view of the greater importance which it has now attained it will not be inapposite for me to extend them.

This picture formed part of the Collection of Mr. Welbore Ellis Agar, which was purchased in 1806 by the second Earl Grosvenor (afterwards first Marquess of Westminster) in its entirety, thereby forestalling the auction sale at Christie's, which had been widely announced and had aroused European interest. The Earl paid thirty thousand guineas for about sixty pictures, which thus formed the nucleus of one of the finest Collections ever assembled in Europe. A special wing was added to Grosvenor House at about this period in order adequately to display the pictures. The Raphael remained in the Westminster Collection until about two years ago, when I acquired it, so that it had been exposed to the smoke and dirt of the London atmosphere for considerably over a hundred years — apparently without ever having been cleaned. There was, however, evidence that it had been tampered with, most probably during the eighteenth century, as it was covered in parts with bituminous restoration — notably over the Virgin's cloak — which in some places was fully half a millimetre in thickness. One can never authorize the removal of such a thick coating without certain trepidation, especially when dealing with a panel over four hundred years old, as there is the danger that nothing of importance will be found beneath, but fortunately in this case the original painting was revealed in almost all its pristine beauty. Although such changes are usually difficult to follow in photographs a comparison of the illustration accompanying Professor Mather's article with previously published reproductions, such as that in "Klassiker der Kunst," will indicate some idea of the great improvement which has been achieved by the recent cleaning. The picture has been referred to by most writers on Raphael, who have invariably passed it over as being one of several known copies of a lost original, but in estimating the value of these opinions it must be remembered that not one of the authorities in question had ever had an opportunity of examining the unadulterated original work.

I must join issue with Professor Mather when he states on page 78 that "the condition of the surface suggests that the figures and landscape were painted at a considerable interval of time." Apart from the difficulty of believing that an original interval of a few years could produce so perceptible a difference after a total lapse of over four centuries, the effects which Professor Mather has noted are susceptible to a totally different explanation. I have frequently noticed with old tapestries that although the dark or red parts may be in good condition the lighter portions are sometimes in shreds or show signs of restoration. This is because the ultra-

violet rays from the sun are completely absorbed by dark or red pigments, while most light-coloured pigments allow them to pass through, eventually destroying the fabric. A piece of linen held near a Westinghouse Cooper Hewitt Mercury Vapour Lamp for half an hour can be torn almost like tissue paper — if it be painted white the result is about the same, but if it be covered with a suitable black or red varnish the material retains most of its original strength. I have had occasion to deal with this problem elsewhere, though in a totally different connection. (vide Reports and Memoranda of the Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, No. 329, April, 1917, and No. 514, August, 1917, "On Protective Varnishes for use on Aeroplanes in Hot Climates," by Ramsbottom and Newton, published by His Majesty's Stationery Office, London, 1919.) Evidently the same process has been going slowly on with our Raphael — consequently the cracks in the landscape are deeper than those in the figures. Moreover, the presence over a long period of the bituminous coating, which was limited to the figures, would further have protected them in comparison with the landscape.

ARTHUR ULYSSES NEWTON.

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